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## Conquest of the Air.

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**I**F it were possible for one to indulge in a prolonged siesta, as did the immortalised Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving, the awakening of the individual today would be accompanied with greater awe and astonishment than was that of the rustic gentleman referred to above. The changes which took place in his native village during his twenty-year nap are not to be compared with the general transformation which has taken place in the world during the last two decades, due to the astounding results of human activity.

The great progress of industries under every conceivable name, the improving and remodelling of present-day naval armament, under its modified phases, the wonderful inventions in the domain of electricity, more apt means of transportation, the telephone and wireless telegraphy: the above are but a few of the transformations. However, the advancement and progress of the world has always been dependent, to a large extent, upon the means of transportation afforded. Not satisfied with the communication afforded by the development of intricate waterways, and by the construction of railways, man set his brain to work to invent a machine which would conquer the air. The outcome was the aeroplane, which flies through space as gracefully and as swiftly as the denizens of the upper regions.

Although the development of aeroplaning has brought with it numberless dangers and many fatal accidents, still it is not alone; all new endeavors in any sphere of activity in which experience is

to be had have been accomplished at some great cost. The results produced have necessarily had to be the outcome of bitter and sad experience. The large death toll does not indicate the necessity of such, nor is it the result of scientific and careful aerial navigation. Judgment and prudence have not always been exercised when undertaking such a task; often rashness, impetuosity, foolhardiness and daring have been the cause of a great many of the accidents. Unqualified and unprotected ambition, guided only by the immediate end in view, with no precaution against the possibility of an accident: such has been the history in every incident, many fatal, which might have been avoided.

Until within a few years balloons alone were used to conquer the air. The principle employed was that of the relative lightness of the volume of gas used to the same volume of air. Annonay, in 1783, was the first place to witness a balloon ascension. A balloon forty yards in circumference was filled with heated air, and arose to a height of about one mile and a quarter. Since then ballooning has been greatly improved, hydrogen gas being used instead of hot air.

In the field of aerial navigation, Charles Gay-Lussac, Glaisher and Coxwell were the first to make successful flights. Others were Bleriot, Baldwin brothers and Lincoln Beachy, who today is the acknowledged king of the air. The principle is simple; one plane or two parallel planes with a vertical plane projecting behind as a rudder; the whole is driven by a large two blade propeller, having power from a gasoline motor. Aeroplanes attain a speed of seventy to ninety miles an hour.

The defect with balloons is the difficulty of applying horizontal force. Although in Germany, France, England and the United States dirigibles are common, one continually hears of an accident. Count Zeppelin, of Germany, has made the greatest advance, but four dreadnoughts have already been destroyed by explosions or otherwise.

In another two decades the aeroplane will be as common as the automobile today, and some other invention, possibly not yet conceived, will be in the industrial nursery, replacing the infant aeroplane, and will be as much of a source of awe to us as the aeroplane would now be to our great-grandfathers. Such is the course of the all-potential human activity.

F. W. HACKETT, '14.

## A Vision of 1920.

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One night last week when seated at my ease  
 Before a fire and eating toasted cheese  
 I read Macbeth till slumber closed my eyes  
 And as I slept I dreamed a wondrous dream  
 About the class of nineteen and fourteen.

In a darksome cave was I, the sisters three  
 Chanting a spell prepared a noisome mess  
 Whence came a smoke and smell like H<sub>2</sub>S.  
 One spake to me with horrid leer,  
 And I was filled with loathing fear  
 Of her crooked mouth and grizzly hair,  
 And drooping nose and monstrous ears.  
 She bade me, snarling, watch the fumes.  
 For there as on a screen would pass  
 The members of the senior class  
 As they would be in coming years

First there moved across the smoke  
 A martial figure on a moke  
 With scarlet cloak and busby on his head  
 I knew him for the member from Stanstead  
 Winfield Hæckett the class president  
 And now a figure seen in Parliament.

Next came the lone disciple of the school  
 Who fix our livers and our pulses rule  
 Skilled to tinker with the works of man  
 Is Doctor Ralph Lahaie from Michigan.

Now comes the engineer's brigade,  
 Those heroes of the transit and the spade  
 Led by Kelly (initialed T.)  
 Who rules the line of the K and P.  
 Then comes Aubrey of the rosy cheeks  
 Who builds our bridges and dams our creeks.  
 And John McNally, hailed by us as Jack,  
 Who builds skyscrapers (an amazing act)  
 In Bryson in the wilds of Pontiac.

When almost overcome by noxious fumes  
 I heard the crack of anarchistic bombs,  
 A figure wild with socialistic hair,

And automatics on him everywhere,  
 Burst on the scene with demagogic shout,  
 Striving with noise cruel Capital to rout;  
 The class economist, one Tallon (John) by name  
 Writer now of books, and not unknown to fame.

He passed. There came, with footsteps slow,  
 The class's legal talent's show,  
 Headed by Kelly counsel of the King  
 Followed by Unger learned in everything  
 Concerning torts and wills. Next in wig and gown  
 Walked Landriau with true judicial frown.  
 Just from his Parliamentary seat  
 Was Mulvihill from up the creek.

Now with candle, bell and book  
 With solemn step and downcast look  
 Came chanting slowly into view  
 A grave ecclesiastic crew  
 Led by one whose roseate hair  
 (I'd know its owner everywhere)  
 Was covered by a mitred crown,  
 His body by a purple gown;  
 Bishop o'er his native heath  
 The class's erstwhile Scottish chief;  
 And Father Power with mien pedagogic  
 Taught now a class in science psychologic  
 Followed by Cross a stout P. P.  
 And Perron now a learned dominie  
 A newly invested Ph. D.  
 Monseigneur Dubois just come home  
 From lengthy journeys to ancient Rome.  
 Last but not least, Provincial of his Order  
 Was Father Gilligan across the border.

Then smoke and smell and witches, quite,  
 With fire and rot did pass from sight  
 I rubbed my eyes; could not believe it true  
 That they had disappeared so suddenly from view.  
 I looked about; was sitting by my fire  
 At home, quite safe from witches' ire;  
 Wondered if what I'd seen would ere be true  
 And bade, in mind our friends a fond adieu.

A. D.

## The Ivory Idol.

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**D**O you believe in magic? In the tales of Indian mysticism? At any odds it need not prevent your listening to a story.

I have always been attracted by the study of magic, by curious amulets and charms, in fact, by anything which savored of, or pertained to, the practices of the so-called witches. I had come into possession of the Ivory Idol, from a sailor who had returned but lately from India, that country of mystery and magic. The tale he told me was curious—nay, “unbelievable in our western civilization. “The idol,” he said, “has the peculiar power of granting any wish wished upon it, but each wish is accompanied by some misfortune, which causes the fulfillment of the wish, and is brought about by some natural means. For instance, a Rajah once owned the idol and wished for immortality. He lived over one hundred and forty years, and then wished for death—his life had been miserable, trouble on every side; he existed; he didn’t *live*. Believe me or not as you will, but I warn you not to wish on the Ivory Idol, or you’ll be sorry ever after; nothing but misfortune has followed its path.”

With this warning he left me, and I saw no more of him. The idol, which I held in my hand, was a squat figure of Buddha, about four inches high, carved from ivory, and set upon a block of ivory, into which a number of curious designs were cut, the Indian marks representative of life and death. I looked at the idol as it lay in my hand—the face, hard and cruel, was adorned with a rather cynical smile, such a smile as you might expect the devil to wear while looking at the souls of the damned in hell. I slipped the idol into my pocket and strolled up town.

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“Well,” I said, “that’s the story as he told it to me; it sounds rather fantastic, I’ll admit, but personally I think there is some truth at least in it. One thing certain. I’m not going to fool with the idol—I have a very respectful fear of India’s magic, however impossible some of it may seem.

I was speaking to Tom Madison, at whose house I was spending the evening. Tom had been married about two months, and was entirely devoted to his wife, who, I might say, was as much attached

to him. I had, during the course of our conversation, mentioned the idol, and, having it with me, had shown it to him.

Our talk drifted from one topic to another, and when I arose to leave Mrs. Madison begged me to give her the idol, or sell it to her.

"I want to put it there on the mantel," she said. "I think that idol is the most curious thing I ever saw."

Personally, I had no great love for the thing, and she seemed so anxious that I gave it to her, first asking her not to try its power.

\* \* \*

(This next section of the story I learned afterwards from Tom.)

When I left the house the idol was put on the mantel, and remained there. During the next two months things went as usual with the Madisons. Tom was not rich, but they had sufficient to live comfortably on, and life in general was very pleasant.

One evening they were sitting in front of the fireplace, and the subject of the idol cropped up. Mrs. Madison urged her husband to let her try the charm. "I'm sure we won't even get the wish, Tom," she said, "and, anyway, I can't see any harm in just trying. That sailor was only talking, and said what he did to get some money for the thing. Please, Tom, won't you let me?"

She finally won her point, and Tom reluctantly gave her her way. "What shall we wish for?" she asked.

"Give me that idol, Mary; I'll do the wishing," said Tom. "I don't want any misfortune to come to you—if there is any truth in the wild tale."

She handed him the idol, and they finally agreed to wish for twenty-five thousand dollars. "If we get that we'll wish for a million," laughed Tom. Holding the idol in his hands, he slowly pronounced the words, "I wish to have twenty-five thousand dollars!" For a minute or two they sat in silence—the room seemed to have become oppressive—a sense of vague uneasiness stole over them, but, laughing at themselves, they spoke upon a number of subjects till it was time to retire.

Next morning Tom went to work as usual at 7.30, and while bidding good-bye to his wife she told him that she'd be down town shopping all day, and might run into the office to see him.

That evening Tom set out for home. Mary had not come to the office, but probably she hadn't time, he reasoned, and had hurried home to have supper ready—Tom having taken lunch down town. As he approached his suburban home he saw, standing near

the gate, a man, who was apparently awaiting his coming. This man asked if he were Thomas Madison, and introduced himself as Rodney Haskmill, lawyer for the City Street Railway.

"I have rather a sad mission, Mr. Madison," commenced the lawyer. "Your wife was—well, was killed while passing in front of one of our street cars today. We recognize that although an accident purely, we are, to a certain degree, open to a suit for damages; but we do not wish the case brought into court. In view of these facts, the company desires to settle for \$25,000."

Tom looked at Haskmill in a dazed sort of way. He could hardly understand that his wife was dead. He kept repeating over and over "Mary dead...killed...an accident...\$25,000." The strain was too much, the shock too sudden. Madison fainted.

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The funeral was over, and I had come to stay with Tom. He was heartbroken. I have never seen a man so much in despair, so utterly at a loss, so helpless, and, besides, he blamed everything on himself he had wished on the idol. For myself, I did not know what to think. Was it only a most remarkable coincidence? Or was it the idol? I remembered that the idol had come from India.

A week passed, while Tom remained the same, and the doctor said that unless a change set in soon he was afraid he would become insane. I slept in a room next Tom's, in case anything should happen—in case he should try suicide.

A few mornings after I lay awake in bed. It was about 2 a.m., and I heard Madison moving around his room. I wondered if anything was wrong, and, putting on a pair of slippers, stepped into his room. Tom was sitting on the side of the bed, gazing moodily into space. A minute or so after he stood up and walked past me out of the door to the head of the stairs. He appeared as if in a trance—that white figure moving before me down the stairs. Reaching the foot of the stairs, he turned to the left into the sitting room. I followed to see what he intended doing, and where he was going. I saw him, by the light of a few gleaming coals still in the grate, advance to the mantel and take the Ivory Idol in his hands.

I was standing in the doorway, and, curious to see what he was going to do, I entered and stood in the shadows near him.

He was staring at the white, grotesque Buddha, which he held in his fingers, and muttering to himself—I was afraid that he had become insane. Once the coals, lighting up, gave me a view of his face, drawn and eager, the light of a fanatic in his eyes. Suddenly he stretched out his hands, grasping the idol tightly between them,



and hissed rather than spoke the words, "I wish Mary to come back to me."

I could scarcely believe my ears. His wife to come back to him! "No," I reasoned with myself, "she can't; no power of black magic can bring the dead to life; the idea is absurd; it can't be, it can't." And yet all the time I was afraid; yes, afraid.

We stood in silence for twenty minutes or so. I did not want to disturb Tom, and yet I did not want to leave him. The time dragged on. How quiet everything was! I found myself calculating how long it would take for one to come from the grave-yard; about half an hour, I thought. A clock struck three. How cold the room seemed to have become!

Tom jumped up with a half-articulate, mad cry, and ran to the door in the hall. "She is coming. She is coming," he kept saying, his voice quivering with excitement, and I could swear that I heard the gate open and shut, that footsteps were coming up the walk; yes! they seemed nearer and nearer; Tom was at the door fumbling with the lock—

My God! the dead come back? My reason was saying "impossible," but something kept hammering at my brain, insisting that it wasn't.

How would she look—two weeks in the grave—a white shroud surmounted with a death's head—the bones just holding parts of flesh to them—the eyes sunken—long, thin arms and fingers—I could almost see them stretching out to Tom—the bones rattling in their sockets—the—

I shouted to Tom, "For God's sake don't open that door, Tom," but he seemed not to hear me. He had the bolt shot back, and his hand was on the key to turn it—was that a moan I heard from the other side of the door, or was it only the wind—a long drawn out moan, as if from a soul in agony—perhaps it was only the wind—perhaps, but—

The fire lit up a little, and I saw the idol lying on the floor, where it had fallen from Madison's hands—was I mad? Maybe, but anything was reasonable if the dead could come to life. I clutched the idol in my fingers. Tom was turning the key; I could hear it grate in the lock. "I wish that she'll disappear forever," I almost shouted.

Madison grabbed the knob, threw the door open and looked outside. I ran to the door and looked out over Tom's shoulder. Snow had started to fall, and a low, mournful wind was blowing.

The gate swung open on its hinges. Except for the wind, everything seemed very quiet. There was no one in sight.

Tom, with a slight cry, dropped to the floor. I bent over him—his heart had stopped beating. The coroner next day said it was heart failure.


A day later it was found that desecrating robbers had stolen the body of Mrs. Madison from the grave—at least that is what the papers said. Any footprints which might have existed were covered by the snow. At any rate, the body was gone and was never recovered.

The body had disappeared. Madison was dead. Had my wish on the Ivory Idol been fulfilled, or was it merely a coincidence?

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.



## Education Among the Greeks.

ODERN civilization owes a great debt to the old Greeks. What they have done for us in the domain of art, literature and philosophy is apparent on all sides. From them we have drawn our language, and, to a large extent, for though the Latin tongue may be said to be the more noticeable, was it not the Greek culture which made the Latin? Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, all show the influence of Hellenic genius on the Romans.

The study of Greek is essential in a liberal education, and this follows from the fact of its being such a well formed language, an evident result of the proficiency of the old Greek education. In the study of their language we not only obtain the knowledge of another tongue, but we also obtain a mental training which fits us for our mathematical studies.

The great advancements made in culture in that country are all due to the intellectual supremacy of the Greek, for they possessed a national genius much greater than the other nations. The country was so built as to suggest new ideas and lead them on in this line of action. The fact that the country was divided into

small sections led one part of the Greek people to try to excel their neighbors, not only in the arts of war, but also in learning.

Out of two kinds of culture the Greeks created the most perfect in the world, and one that was to endure for many years. Of course, owing to this diversity of thought resulting from the different divisions among the people, we could not expect to find a common system of education. On the contrary, Sparta, for instance, spent all her time in training her youths in military work and preparing them to meet all hardships, while the Athenians were more refined, and looked more to proficiency in arts, sciences and mathematics. The Spartan youth, if not put to death as a weakling, was taken over by the state, placed under strict discipline, and watched over in this way till he reached manhood, and had served his term in the militia service. Though this manner of education may seem very hard and cruel, still it had the result of turning out good strong men, who were able to till the soil and supply Sparta with one of the strongest land forces in the world.

And so it was that throughout all Greece we find many good systems of education, each of which was instrumental in turning out the greatest men the world has yet seen, men whose names will always remain as the discoverers and molders of our language, our customs, and the elements of our knowledge.

JOS. E. GRAVELLE, '15.



## Ottawa as a Lumber Centre.



UCH of the wealth of Canada lies in her forests, and on this account Canada is a great lumbering country. Still, in Canada, lumbering is second in importance only to agriculture, the chief Canadian industry.

Ontario was originally a tree-covered country, and the pioneer had to hew down and burn the forest to make a clearing for himself. Hence in the southern part, where the province is densely populated, the forests have nearly all disappeared. In the northern part, however, it is still a vast forest, chiefly of white pine and spruce. In regions such as these each winter lumbermen fell the trees and turn them into the stream. The work of lumbering is greatly assisted by the many rivers, down which the logs are floated in the spring to the saw mills.

The city of Ottawa, being very well situated along the bank of the Ottawa River, and at the foot of Chaudiere Falls, is one of the greatest lumber centres of the Dominion. The chief industry of Ottawa is the lumber trade. The Chaudiere Falls not only furnish power for the lumber mills, but also generate power to run the electric cars and electric lights of both Hull and Ottawa.

The large saw mills and pulp mills of J. R. Booth, at the Chaudiere Falls, are one of the great features of the city. From here lumber is exported in very large quantities to Great Britain, the United States, South America, France and other countries.

Another great industry in the vicinity of the Chaudiere Falls is the match industry, controlled by E. B. Eddy. From here matches are exported all over the world. It is a matter of common knowledge that Eddy's matches are used in all countries.

Besides the Ottawa River, Ottawa has the Rideau River, which also generates power. The Rideau Falls generate the power to run the large mills of Edwards & Co., situated at the mouth of the Rideau River.

These great manufacturing companies give employment to many thousands of men; and, indeed, it is a very rare thing to see a laboring man out of work in Ottawa.

Hence the lumbering industry has done a great deal of good for the city of Ottawa, for, besides giving employment to the poor, it has made the city one of the finest, most beautiful, and most prosperous cities of the Dominion.

J. McNALLY, '14.

## A Visit to the Museum.



F the many interesting places in our Capital worthy of being visited, the Victoria Memorial Museum is the one that is, perhaps, most neglected. It is rather hard to understand why this should be, for certainly its exterior has a very inviting appearance, and should not this promise something attractive within? As a rule, people are not satisfied with the contemplation of mere external beauty. The spacious and beautiful grounds, and the noble pile, should I think, immediately bring to them the thought that such care had been taken for no ordinary reasons; that those great grey walls so carefully chiselled into lines of grace must treasure something of national, if not of world-wide importance.

Perhaps carelessness, or the lack of opportunity, led to the neglect, or it may be the word "museum," so prominently placed on the front, discouraged many, for in our practical age people are prone to cast aside what is not of the age.

There are many people who fully appreciate the value of the museum in our national life, and who know well the education that even a single visit to it would impart, yet, through carelessness, never show their appreciation by act, or seek to increase their store of knowledge by spending a few hours in the halls of our museum. Such indifference is to be found in people on every side of us, and its existence is to be deeply deplored. Even in our limited sphere of college life, there are many who have never set foot in our museum, in fact, so deep-rooted is this spirit that some—a very few, however, we gladly note—with a heedlessness that is scarcely comprehensible, have never taken the trouble to cross the portals of our far-famed Parliament buildings to examine what was in the interior.

Many people may advance—and very often quite legitimately, too—the lack of opportunity as a sufficient reason for their apparent neglect. Some, we feel sure, who are prevented by no such poverty of time, have sought to hide their indifference with this plausible excuse. There are, though, many who can reasonably give this as a justification for their neglect, and there can be no doubt but that quite a large percentage of those who have taken advantage of the law that left the museum open to the public on Sundays, are people who had little time to spare for such pastime on the other days of the week.

But there is a certain class of people who would scorn to say that carelessness, or lack of time, had prevented them from visiting our museum. They have no desire to go there. For them the storehouse of the archaic holds no charms. The bones of long forgotten monsters, birds and animals of nearly every clime, apparently lacking only motion to be real; the habiliments and weapons of war and peace of famous Indian tribes; the sculptured thoughts of great masters; the faithful reproduction of scenes that should produce a glow of pleasure and of pride in every Canadian heart, of personages of world-wide veneration, and of places that are sacred for their association with people whom history and tradition have rendered dear to us: all these arouse no interest in the minds of the worldly wise. Such are not for those who find pleasure only in the things of "the living present."

But I was to tell of a visit to the museum, not give a dissertation on the lack of public appreciation of a great work. However, what has been said may, I hope, serve as a sort of introduction to what comes after. Although a little irrelevant to the subject in hand, it, at least, had its birth in a personal regret for the neglect which many visits to our great museum only too plainly revealed.

Those who have visited the Victoria Memorial Museum (and I consider myself fortunate for being one of that small number), so comfortably set on what was known as the Appin Place, at the foot of Metcalfe street, have, no doubt, found that the building and what it contained corresponded very closely to their idea of a museum—a place devoted to works of nature, art, curiosities, etc. In just a few hours, from the remarkably complete and almost priceless exhibits there, they will have obtained a better idea of the vastness of the field of Canadian resources than they would in other ways by years of toil. They will have impressed upon their minds just how great has been the work our zoologists, ornithologists, geologists and paleontologists have performed; how indefatigably men have labored to preserve a vast variety of the aboriginal curiosities illustrative of the manners and customs of the primitive, and the present fast disappearing Indian races of the Dominion. In the National Art Gallery they will find the works of our artists, who have sought so zealously to give Canada a respectable position in the world of painting and sculpture. They will find there, also, many of the famous works of art of the masters of other lands, which, although eagerly sought for by all nations, have been obtained by Canadian money and Canadian energy. And the masterpieces of far-famed geniuses, which neither gold nor energy

could procure, have been faithfully reproduced, and occupy prominent positions in this great hall of art.

Surely, then, we should be imbued with a very keen sense of gratitude for all those who have labored so assiduously for us and for our native land. Surely their work is worthy of our best attention, and failure to duly appreciate it nothing short of criminal.

"A Visit to the Museum" was what I was requested to write about. I have, then, been drifting again. To refer to a particular visit, I might say that it was the first few hours that I spent within its walls that impressed me most. It was not only for the reasons before mentioned that this impression was rendered so lasting; other conditions helped to fix it indelibly on my mind. The awful stillness of the place upon that occasion will never be forgotten, nor is it probable that the excellent exemplification of the good our museum can do, then shown me, will soon fade from my memory.

It was a hot afternoon in early autumn that I decided to drop in and spend a few hours examining what was of interest there. "The drowsy stillness" of the outside air for which I had expected, upon the closing of the door, would be substituted the noisy hum of people passing to and fro, much to my surprise, followed me into the building. For an instant a narrow crack, which extended across the floor and up the walls on either side, and, in fact, could be seen on the ceiling far above, brought to my mind the unfortunate insecurity of the foundation of the main tower of the building, of which I had heard so often. The interest which this aroused being satisfied, the extreme quietness of the place began to make itself felt. Two great totem poles, placed just inside the entrance, seemed to express surprise that I should venture there. However, a guard that leaned up against the wall, and whom a touch summoned out of dreamland, informed me that I could roam at will through the building. Thus encouraged, I continued on my way. The noise of my footsteps and its prolonged echo through the high halls, in the course of time became very monotonous. Their constant repetition made me nervous, so much so, indeed, that in the hall of fossil vertebrates I almost trembled lest such outrageous noise should arouse the bony monsters there. I pictured to myself the angry approach of the titanotherium, or that of the mighty trachodon in all its shimmy length, and shuddered. When arrived at the second floor I examined, quite fearlessly, the ornithological exhibit and the many things of interest in the Hall of Canadian Anthropology, but I tiptoed past the mouth of a fierce-looking wolf, and carefully avoided a great black bear in the corner of a room that seemed,

by its facial expression at least, to vigorously object to the hub-bub I was raising. It was with a sigh of relief that I at last passed into the Hall of the National Gallery.

Here all was quiet, too, and the monotony of echoing footsteps just as pronounced, but now it was only a drowsy policeman they could disturb, and imagination could hardly vivify the pictured or sculptured figures there, and if so, they were at most only human beings.

It was here that I made the startling discovery that I was not the only one that had visited the museum on that afternoon. While passing around the hall, looking at the many pictures—the works of our great artists—which bedecked the walls, I almost stumbled over the outstretched legs of a man who was comfortably reclining on a bench facing the wall. He was an old man, humble in appearance, whose drooped shoulders and bent back betokened a life of toil. A glance backwards as I went my way made me aware that his attention was very pleasantly taken up with a picture immediately in front of him. When he had left I returned, to find that it was a harvest scene of pioneer days, painted by Frederick Chalonier, that had brightened the face of the old man. There could be no doubt but that in his younger days this man had experienced the hardships and trials and the simple joys of pioneer life. The scene so faithfully depicted—the little forest-fringed field in all the golden glow of harvest time, and the reapers; men and women about to begin their work of cutting and binding the yellow grain—had appealed to him as, perhaps, no other could. By it his mind had been taken off the troubles of the present. The shackles of old age had dropped from his limbs. He was made young again; a lusty pioneer, out in the fields that were won with so much toil, and yet so dear; out with other happy reapers, helping to gather in the crop that summer suns had ripened.

I pitied the shock that his return to real life must have given, but much could be sacrificed for that long half hour of revelry—in youthful strength and happiness—so kindly granted him. And then how often in the succeeding days would the scene “Flash upon that inward eye that is the bliss of solitude,” and at every flash fill the heart of the old pioneer with pleasure.

As I left the building and its awful stillness I could not help but think that, if our museum had done nothing else but bring a half hour of brightness into the life of an old man it had accomplished much, and the labor of those who had helped in that work was not spent entirely in vain.

J. C. LEACY, '15.



## Hydro-Electric Power in Ontario.

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**I**T has only been a few years since the workings and properties of that great physical force, electricity, were partly discovered, through the labor of the world's leading scientists. Wonderful strides, however, have been made in electrical science in the last fifteen or twenty years, and men are now beginning to realize the immensity of economic value which lies in electricity. This new force, if men can control it to any great degree, and their present progress augurs well for the future, will completely revolutionize the domain of mechanical appliances. Electricity, whose nature makes it practically inexhaustible, will replace those forces whose supplies are being rapidly used up. Our fear for the future, when the mines will yield no more coal, and when the forests will yield no more wood, may be reasonably disposed of. Electricity, indeed, promises to be the motive force of the twentieth and its succeeding centuries.

The use of electricity is in its infancy, but despite this fact the results of experiments in this line continue to be astonishing to everyone, and the rapid progress in the work of developing electrical energy keeps on without retardation.

Through the mechanical energy resulting from falling water, electricity is generated, and its currents are transmitted to scenes of industry close by or distant. This current of electricity, generated from the water, will run the factory, the street car and the train. Moreover, it lights and heats our homes, and it has made possible the use of the telephone and telegraph communications.

This country has ample rainfall, and as a result innumerable rivers, from which may be generated enough hydro-electric power to run the world. The province of Ontario is particularly blessed with a great number of lakes and rivers. In the last few years the Provincial Legislature has established an Hydro-Electric Commission, with the view to preserve the water power under their care for the use of the people at large, and to frustrate the hands of monopolists. Water power is, indeed, a public asset, and a few individuals must not be allowed to control it for their own interests. The doings of monopolists in the United States, a few of whom obtained almost complete control over all water power, and sold their electricity at their own price to manufacturers, aroused the Ontario legislators to the importance and gravity which this hydro-electric question must assume. The result was, as has been said

above, that a Hydro-Electric Commission was appointed, with extensive powers. This commission, after two years' work, issued its report, which contained a great fund of information as to the extent and nature of water power in this province. Upon receiving this report an Act was passed by Parliament, which vested in the commission powers of expropriation of land, water powers, and even the products of the water powers, if necessary. The Act was a drastic measure, for it was the intention of the members of the Legislature that this law was to accomplish definite results, such results as the people at large desired.

Whenever a community, or municipality, desired a supply of electric power, the commission was applied to. The commission then established a plant at the nearest waterfalls available to produce electric power, and from here ran their transmission conduits to the locality to be supplied. The electricity thus generated and transmitted, often to great distances, was sold by the commission at almost cost price. In case the water power was already under the control of some private corporation the commission obtained electricity from this corporation at as low a price as possible, and then delivered it through its own transmission lines to the municipality. On all occasions the commission have dealt most satisfactorily with private companies controlling water power.

Ontario has been the first province to take over the control of its water powers, and the policy of the Provincial Government has been a decided success. The other provinces are contemplating following the example of Ontario. In the past there were no laws or regulations upon this subject, and one desiring to obtain control of a water power could get it, as a rule, for nothing, upon application to the authorities. Now, however, public sentiment has been aroused, and water power is recognized as a public asset, an asset that must be administered in the sense of a public utility and for the public benefit. If the governments of the several provinces enact wise regulations in regard to hydro-electric energy, the people of this country will never have to pay unreasonable and exorbitant prices for water power.

LOUIS J. GUILLET, '15.

## Valedictory.

---

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Madame de Staël has said, "Were I master of fifty languages I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

I fear I would not be very successful were I to attempt a speech in "the noble Greek," so I must fall back upon the copious English, which seems so poor in words when one needs them most.

Perhaps I could not do better on this occasion than quote from Wendell Holmes:

'Tis here we part; for other eyes  
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer  
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise  
 The waves in foam the ship in tremor.  
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier  
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him  
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear  
 With heaven above and home before him.

Yes! my friends, we are to put out into the ocean of life, after having successfully sailed down the brook of the kindergarten, the creek of the Separate School, the river of the University, and now we are to be wafted on to the ocean of the world, there to meet other craft, there to mix with other craft, but never to forget the harbor whence we sailed, nor those who stood on the piers to bid us "God-speed" and a happy voyage.

Vacation with all its visions of blissful rest and invigorating enjoyment, is upon us, and, after the work of the past year, do we not deserve a rest? Need I remind you of our successes? Of the silver trophy we hold representative of the Intercollegiate Debating championship, won by bearding Toronto 'Varsity in its den? Of the proud title "International University Hockey Champions?" These are two things which carry with them the material proof of excellence along educational lines and in the realms of sport.

Rev. Fathers, Professors and Teachers: The graduating class of nineteen hundred and fourteen has come to make its farewell bow after the curtain has fallen upon the scholastic year. In this our epilogue we wish to express our appreciation and the deep debt of gratitude we owe you, who have labored so nobly and conscien-

tiously in our behalf. We would assure you that we are mindful of the many sacrifices which you have made that we might succeed in after life. If we are destined to occupy important roles in the religious, legal, literary, medical, or commercial world, you may be confident that we shall be ever ready to refer our success, in a great measure, to the instructions received while under your care.

To our parents, who have watched with fond and eager eyes our course through the University, who waited with anxious hearts this day, when we should reflect their worth by our success, to you we say, "May God bless and reward you." We take this occasion to publicly express our appreciation and filial love to you for your ever watchful and affectionate care.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa: We would have you know that we are fully cognizant of the kindness and good wishes which we have received from you in the course of our student labors. Time and again have you given proof of the interest you take in our Alma Mater—in her athletic, dramatic and academic achievements; of all this your presence here today is further proof, were further proof necessary. Many are the fond recollections which we will carry away with us of the generosity and hospitality of the citizens of Ottawa. Our hope is that your city may always prosper, and that its people may ever rest content, enjoying "the goods the gods provide."

Fellow Students: After years of companionship, in which we partook of the same fount of knowledge, were governed by the same rules, lived under a common roof, we, too, must separate. The graduating class extends its hand to you, who have proven friends, and asks that in after years you remember it, and think kindly of its members. Each class has had its traditions, but there is a tradition common to all of us—a bond which binds us everyone, whether he be a graduate, a senior, or a freshman. I refer to the good old V-A-R, that grand old Varsity cheer which has instilled terror into the hearts of opponents as it resounded from the ravines of Rose-dale, as it was echoed from the broad sides of Mount Royal, as it was flung out over our own campus, proclaiming victory to the colors that have ever been to the fore—the Garnet and Grey of Ottawa University. Boys! cling to that college spirit as one of your dearest possessions, and let nothing ever interfere with, or mar, the sentiment of our motto, "Ubi concordia, ibi Victoria."

I hardly think that there is anything more for me to say. Bidding good-bye is usually a sorrowful task, and the quicker done the better. You may rest assured that no matter what walk in life

the various members of the class may choose, each one of us will ever look back with tear-dimmed eyes and longing hearts to Ottawa and the friends of his college days.

On behalf of the graduating class, therefore, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow-students, I bid you—farewell.

T. J. KELLY, '14.



## Man is a Failure

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot see that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he envies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbors or to his friends so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

# University of Ottawa Review.

## PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present

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Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., JUNE, 1914.

No. 9

### FAREWELL.

When this issue went to press the editors of *The Review* for 1913-1914 laid down their pens with a sigh of relief at the thought that their year's work was done, and another volume of the College magazine successfully completed. They wish to thank all the kind friends who helped them in their sometimes tiresome labors, by literary contributions, frank, yet kindly, criticisms, and the more material assistance of subscriptions and advertisements. The great majority of those who guided the destinies of *The Review* during the past year will graduate in a few days, and then go forth into the great world to fight life's battle as best they may. Their timid steps will give place to bolder strides when the thought occurs that the friendships formed at college are true and lasting. that the good wishes of erstwhile comrades will accompany each and every one, wherever his path may lie. The fond hope of the editorial board of Volume XVI. is that in the not too distant future they may fore-

gather once again within these kindly walls, to find Alma Mater greater, stronger and more beautiful, in her resources, her children and her work.

“Oh Banner of Garnet and Grey,  
Unfurl thy proud folds to the sky,  
We'll love thee for ever and aye,  
Thy glory we'll shield till we die.”

---

### VACATION HINTS.

The rustle of the blithesome examination paper is hushed, and the voice of the merry fountain pen is heard no more in the land. Alas and alack! All human joys must have an end, and so Zig and Trig and Calc, and even the humorous Guggenberger must return to the shelf, and the boys must prepare to forsake the lure of the “Gay White Way” for the more peaceful pleasures of their bucolic abodes. No doubt each has already made his plans for the coming vacation, but plans “gang aft alee,” particularly when the maker is inexperienced in the art of taking vacation. We, therefore, offer the following suggestions, based on the experience of old-timers:—

1st. Thorough rest. This does not mean lounging around the house, playing cards and smoking a cheap cigar or “coffin nails.” The best rest for a student is plenty of outdoor exercise, such as baseball, boating, fishing, hunting, etc. 2nd. A good night's sleep. Night is meant for that, not for long-drawn-out parties and frolic-ing. A good thing overdone becomes harmful. “In medio stat virtus”—moderation is imperative in any amusements which deprive the student of sleep at the time when it is easy and natural. 3rd. A moderate amount of light reading, when tired of out-door exercise: e.g. good novels, biographies, sketches, and sensible magazines, which will bring us up to date in current events. 4th Travel, if possible. This broadens the mind, and rubs off the “rough edges.” If travel is not feasible, at least observe men and things in your own neighborhood; there is the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, the journalist, the merchant—from each of these one can learn something of value for the future. 5th. Let vacation spur on ambition to higher studies. This is the day of the trained man, the student. The professions may be crowded, but there is always room at the top for the right man.



With this issue we leave the port of our college years, and pilot our argosy into a wider and more difficult sea. The scholastic period has been one mixed both with moments of sadness and moments of joy, and not the least acceptable among the latter is placed the recollection of pleasant and profitable hours spent at the Exchange table.

During the year which now draws to a close, while fulfilling the duties which fall upon the editor of this department, our aim has always been conscientiously directed toward fairness in criticism and moderation in praise. In closing the book of the year's exchange work it is our trust that no hurt has ever fallen from our pen, and it is our own assurance that undue flattery, the weakness of college critics, has not marred our efforts.

To those editors of our sister publications, who, like us, will now steer into broader waters, we wish God-speed, meantime inviting a similar benediction from them. To those who shall remain yet a while in the ranks, we extend an earnest good wish for continued success.

We desire thankfully to acknowledge receipt of the following publications during the past month: *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Gateway*, *The Collegian*, *High School Times*, *The Patrician*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Viatorian*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Academic Herald*, *The University Symposium*, *The College Spokesman*, *The Abbey Student*, *Echoes of the Pines*, *The Niagara Index*, *Loyala University Magazine*, *The Exponent*, *The Xaverian*, *St. Peter's College Journal*, *The Laurel*, *Helianthos*, *St. Dunstan's Red and White*, *O. A. C. Review*, *The Mitre*, *Western University Magazine*, *The Columbiad*, *The Trinity University Review*, *The Nazarene*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Weekly Exponent*.





On Tuesday, June 9th, we had the honor of a visit from His Lordship Bishop McNally, of Calgary, Alberta. His Lordship, who is on his way to Chatham, N.B., to attend the consecration of Bishop O'Leary, is in splendid health, and speaks glowingly of the "last great west." He still takes a keen interest in the welfare of Alma Mater.

Last month we had the pleasure of a long chat with His Lordship Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario. He was the principal speaker at the Knights of Columbus banquet, and was also tendered a reception by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which was attended by vast throngs.

On June 6th, at London, Ont., Rev. Chas. Fallon, O.M.I., was ordained to the priesthood by his brother, Bishop Fallon. Rev. Jas. P. Fallon, O.M.I., preached the sermon.

Very Rev. John J. Griffin, Professor of Chemistry, is personally supervising the building and equipment of the magnificent new chemical laboratory, which is being constructed at Washington University, at a cost of \$150,000. Father Griffin, it will be remembered, was the founder of the chemistry course at Ottawa, and organized our splendid chemical and physical laboratories.

The following were recent visitors.—

Rev. W. McCauley, Fallowfield, Ont.

Rev. G. McDonald, Chrysler.

Rev. F. French, Renfrew.

Rev. Jos. McDonald, Kingston.

Rev. Father Kelly, Trout Creek.

Rev. Chas. Gauthier, Alexandria.

Rev. J. Quilty, Douglas.

Silver Quilty and Joe Fahey claim that the K. of C. goat is the most vicious animal they ever met.

Brothers Killian and Barney, of the Oblate Scholasticate, have been attached to the University staff.

Rev. W. Murphy, O.M.I., is steadily improving in health, but will not return to St. Joseph's for six or seven weeks.



As we predicted in last month's issue of *The Review*, the Intermural Baseball League provided plenty of excitement, and the finish was well in keeping with mid-season standard. Hayes' team seemed probable champions till within ten days of the final game, but, like so many other teams that start out well, they experienced a disastrous slump. On the contrary, Higgins' aggregation steadily improved, and when these two teams met for the second time Higgins' men had the better of the argument. Unfortunately, Eddie Cavanagh sustained an injury to his knee when the encounter was half over, but even had he remained in the game it is doubtful whether he could have pulled victory out of defeat, for the score then read 7-3 against him, and their opponents were playing airtight ball.

However, it was Teddy Behan's workers that "spilled the beans," for in their final clash with the leaders they ran wild, and won out by a good margin, placing Hayes, Higgins and Sullivan on equal terms for premier honors, which necessitated a play-off. Higgins easily disposed of Sullivan, after overcoming a lead of eight runs. Capt. Jack Sullivan received a painful cut on his hand; had he been able to continue there is no telling what the result might have been.

The play-off between Higgins and Hayes was a "hummer." After nine innings the score-board registered seven all, and, as it was too dark to continue, another game was played on the following Monday. The proteges of McCool easily put Hayes and his nine in the "has been" class by a large score, thus winning the championship and a set of watch fobs donated by Reach and Co. A summary of the season's work:—

Teams.	Won.	Lost.
Higgins .....	9	3
Hayes .....	7	4
Sullivan .....	7	4
Behan .....	6	4
Holly .....	2	8
Lahaie .....	1	9

It is likely Hayes and Sullivan will play off for second place before the year is over.

The leading batters were:—

	Games.	Per cent.
Cavanagh .....	8	609
King .....	10	582
M. J. Grace .....	4	576
Demarest .....	5	447
Madden .....	10	447
Behar .....	10	443
Otis .....	10	434
V. Hayes .....	7	442
Connolly .....	10	410
O'Connell .....	4	400

The league was a success in every way, and great credit is due to the Prefects, the Captains and Managers, as well as the eighty odd players themselves. The record may be equalled in future years, but to surpass it is an impossibility.

#### THE CITY LEAGUE.

“Hull Athletics” have been admitted, and they have proved to the satisfaction of the public that they have “the goods.” On Saturday last, against College, the game went eleven innings, and although the Garnet and Grey were the victors by 5-4, still our French-Canadian friends from the transpontine city fought every inch of the way—so did Gus Croak. College has lost but one game. They have one more to play, and, as Father Stanton says, “If we win that we have the cup.” Congratulations.

#### THE INTERMEDIATE CITY LEAGUE.

The youngsters set a good example to the first team, for they, also, have lost but one game, and stand the same chance of “win-

ning the cup" as do the seniors. The final game will take place on Cartier square Wednesday afternoon, June 10th, against Collegiate, and as far as we can see it should be a victory.

## NOTES

Tread gently, dear reader, and speak in a whisper—the examinations are on.

It was some game at Rockland, but Dennie Breen's Savages scalped every one of Tim Holly's braves, somewhere near East Templeton, between one and three o'clock in the morning. And the ship was high and dry on land. Tim managed to reach it just as we had about despaired of ever seeing him again.

"Lage" Derochie taught a "habitant" the fine points of baseball. Lage is the boy who can do it, too.

We had a short visit from "Bay" Richards last month. Bay's business pursuits keep him so occupied that we see very little of him any more.

Teddy Behan's only regret was that he lost a good night's sleep, but Teddy made up for it. Ask Eddie Nagle—he'll tell you.

We miss Jim O'Brien this year. Yes, he is still with us, but Jim is so engaged with philosophy—and *otherwise*—that there is no time for sport left.

"Silver" Quilty is making a rep. for himself as an oarsman. Good luck, "Silver." Keep up the good work; you have our best wishes.

Two new leagues are working now. The Senior League, composed of three teams, is furnishing first class baseball, while the Junior League is developing some great batting averages.

The year is over, and a banner year it has been, as a glance over the issues of *The Review* will testify. The task of the Sporting Editor was most pleasant, for he was constantly occupied in chronicling victories. It is our sincere wish that next year's occupant of the office may be as agreeably employed. In future our time will be taken up in other fields, but although we may be leagues away, Alma Mater may ever be assured that she has a staunch friend and supporter in the person of the Sporting Editor of 1913-14.

Successful examinations and a pleasant vacation is our sincere wish to all.

## Junior Department.

---

A new league has been formed among the seniors. There are only two teams in it. At present seven games have been played, and the standing is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.
Chatham (Capt.) Robert .....	5	2
Cornwall (Capt.) MacIntosh .....	2	5

On Wednesday, May 27th, we held our picnic at Aylmer. We had two cars to take us out. When we arrived there we went at once to the field, where we were to hold our meet.

The events for the seniors were: 60 ya.ds dash, 220 yards dash, 440 yards dash, hop, step and jump, broad jump, high jump, mile race, throwing the ball, relay race, and hurdle race.

The events for the midgets were: 60 yards dash, 220 yards dash, high jump, throwing the ball.

Bill Grace won the all round prize in the seniors, and Hennessy and Valois were tied in the midgets. The prizes were to be given at a later date.

When the meet was over the boys hurried to the tables, where there was a nice supper awaiting them. It was so long since the boys had seen anything like it that they waded right in and helped themselves. There were sandwiches, potato salad, cold roast beef, chicken, meat pies, apple pies, bananas, oranges, ice cream, candies, lemonade, soft drinks, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, and many other things.

After supper we took a free ride on the merry-go-round. The bull said he was going to make it hot for us, but he did not get the chance. He weighed about three hundred pounds. Some bull.

At 8.30 we boarded the cars for home. We yelled on the way home until we were hoarse, and then Fr. Turcotte took us to the livery. Hanaway went wild over a kite in Hull, but as she was flying high and the car was moving fast, he was soon carried away.

When we got off the cars at the Chateau we paraded home, and then went to bed.

Our guests at the picnic were: Frs. Turcotte, Pelletier, Senecal, Jasmin, McGowan and Fusey, Brothers Rainville and Tremblay, and Jack Sullivan.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, the prizes were given out in the refectory. Bill Grace who won the all-round, received a gun metal watch, a gold watch fob, and a tie.

Boyden received a pair of suspenders, garters, and a stick-pin.

Robert received a glove and bat.

Campeau received a ball and glove.

Boucher received a pair of cuff links and a bat.

Dillon received a knife and a tie.

McCraig received a stick-pin.

Hammersley received a tie and a pair of running shoes.

Hennessy received a ball and a pair of running shoes.

Gadoury received a glove.

Valois received a baseball and a bat.

Berthiaume received a knife.

Goulet also received a knife.

Bonhomme received a fishing rod.

The prizes were all very good, and we thank Fr. Turcotte and the other two prefects very much. We thank them, also, for the picnic and for giving us such a good time.

The Junior Editor wishes the boys a very pleasant vacation, and hopes to see them back here again.

Those who donated the prizes at our picnic were:—

Fr. Pelletier.

Fr. McGowan.

Fr. Stanton.

Mrs. George Trudel.

Mr. Bastien.

Mr. McMillan.

Hurd & Co.

Senecal and Glaude.

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National Drug Store.

# INDEX

	PAGE.
About New Books . . . . .	130
"Alma Mater" . . . . .	219
Almost a Hero . . . . .	101
American Immigration to Canada . . . . .	277
Apostle of Ireland, The . . . . .	208
At the Seaside . . . . .	17
Autumn in Ontario . . . . .	10
"Best Laid Schemes of Mice and Men" . . . . .	173
Bishop Brunet . . . . .	84
Brutus . . . . .	229
Canada . . . . .	46
Canada's Immigration Problem . . . . .	176
"Canada" . . . . .	212
Chaudiere, The . . . . .	52
Chesterton—Author and Journalist . . . . .	95
Children of Foehlut Wood . . . . .	303
Christmas . . . . .	79
Commencement, 1913 . . . . .	1
Conquest of the Air . . . . .	331
Dangerous Trades . . . . .	132
Debating Championship . . . . .	186
Early Germanic Community, The . . . . .	87
Education Among the Greeks . . . . .	339
Higher Education and the Nation . . . . .	13
House of Commons in England . . . . .	234
Humanity of Shakespeare, The . . . . .	50
Hydro-Electric Power in Ontario . . . . .	346

	PAGE.
“Ireland’s Future” . . . . .	223
Ireland’s Patriots. . . . .	214
“Ireland’s Saints and Scholars” . . . . .	217
“Irish Parliamentary Party” . . . . .	221
Ivory Idol, The . . . . .	335
Ivory Rosary, The . . . . .	138
Japanese Question in California . . . . .	279
Juries . . . . .	137
K. of C.’s Magnificent Gift to Catholic Universities . . . . .	201
List of Well Known Magazines With Catholic Men at Head..	103
Literature of Greece, The . . . . .	308
Lord Stratheona . . . . .	170
Lotus Blossom, The . . . . .	180
Mineralogy . . . . .	47
Natural Sociability of Men, The . . . . .	306
Newfoundland Fisheries, The . . . . .	269
Ottawa as a Lumber Centre . . . . .	341
Ottawa as an Educational Centre.. . . .	259
Our Debt to the Pioneer . . . . .	314
“Our Guests” . . . . .	226
Our Senate and Senate Reform . . . . .	125
Peewees’ Mistake, The . . . . .	274
Pope, The . . . . .	210
Premier Borden . . . . .	312
Rainy Days . . . . .	92
Reception to Bishop Brunet . . . . .	184
Smiles and Frowns . . . . .	62
Smoke Nuisance, The . . . . .	44
Soggarth Aroon . . . . .	225
Some Weak Spots in Modern Education . . . . .	39
St. Lawrence, The—How Much of It Do We Own . . . . .	135
St. Patrick’s Day Banquet . . . . .	207



	PAGE.
Unification of Germany, The . . . . .	263
Unification of Italy, The . . . . .	297
"United States, The" . . . . .	215
Vacant Stares . . . . .	255
Valedictory . . . . .	6
Valedictory . . . . .	348
Vision of 1920, A . . . . .	333
Visit to the Museum, A . . . . .	342
Winter Sports in Canada . . . . .	165
Woman Suffrage . . . . .	133
Yellow Hero, A . . . . .	53
<i>Poetry:—</i>	
Christmas Madrigal, A . . . . .	86
Churchyard, The . . . . .	262
Courtesy . . . . .	94
Dear Old Ottawa . . . . .	233✓
December Thirty-first . . . . .	100
Reason, The . . . . .	179
St Patrick's Day . . . . .	228
Up to Date . . . . .	15
Veni! Mane! Domine! . . . . .	43
Wanderlust . . . . .	305
<i>Editorials:—</i>	
Canon Sheehan . . . . .	...
Catholic Social Study Guild . . . . .	316
Christmas Greetings . . . . .	104
Conservation of Natural Resources . . . . .	317
Debating Societies . . . . .	189
Drought, The . . . . .	22
Easter Joys . . . . .	351
Farewell . . . . .	58
Good Fellowships . . . . .	237
Hibernian Scholarships . . . . .	58
Home Rule . . . . .	237
Industrial University, An . . . . .	188

	PAGE.
Land Reform . . . . .	106
Loss to the University, A . . . . .	282
Lourdes . . . . .	108
Mexican Situaition, The . . . . .	142
Notice . . . . .	56
Priorum Temporum Flores . . . . .	32
Priorum Temporum Flores . . . . .	67
Shakesperian Company, The . . . . .	56
St. Patrick's Day . . . . .	236
Term of Promise, A . . . . .	21
Vacation Hints . . . . .	352

*Regular Departments:—*

Among the Magazines . . . . .	30, 65, 151, 288
Athletics . . . . .	33, 70, 115, 155, 197, 247, 291, 322, 355
Books and Reviews . . . . .	27, 63, 110, 149, 194, 319
Exchanges . . . . .	25, 60, 109, 146, 191, 238, 285, 353
Junior Department . . . . .	78, 164, 205, 222, 256, 329, 358
Local News . . . . .	37, 75, 120, 161, 202, 243, 294, 326
Notes and Comments . . . . .	23, 58, 143, 189, 282
Obituary . . . . .	68, 240, 290, 320
Personals . . . . .	114, 154, 195, 242, 289, 321, 354